



A
Whip for the back of a backsliding
BROVVNIST.

Help Neighbours helpe, good women come with speed,
For of your helpe there never was more neede,
Mid-wives make halfe and dresse you as you run,
Either come quickly or we re all undone;
The words in lab'ur, her throwes comes so quick,
That with her paine shee's growne sturke lunatick,
For I d. I aske one of her Bratts of late:
Why the *Lords Prayer* was almost out of date,
He told me *Christ* had new Disciples now,
That of her forme of Prayer would not allow;
Alasse said I are they so dainty growne,
Such a fantastick Crew was never knowne,
These are the Bretheren of the Speration,
The Cancor wormes of this our English Nation,
And it is feard if they be let alone,
These wormes will know the Kingdome to the Bone
These with the Papists breed the mischeife here,
Whilst Cockle Branes build Castles in the aire,
Who Parrot like they having leard to prate,
Disturbe the Church the Common-wealth and State,
Yea Church disturbers learnings Enemies,
Yea seeming Saints, yea painted Butter-flies,
Yea Bug-beares of a Kingdom silly Elmes,
Whose Zeale transpores you quite beyond your selves,
Oh know you what you doe, that yea presitt,
Still dry by day in doing what you list,
Shame to our Kingdome if this suffered bee,
From hembre I thinke we never shall be free,
If that you rule the roost you Moone-Calues all,
Why doe you force my Muse to railing fall,
That never was accustomed to scould,
Had not so good a Cause made me so bold.

Gods spirit evermore good spirits makes,
Then if your spirits of Gods spirit takes,
You will be ruled by order, not by will,
God is the same, the God of order still:

And you cannot be his Disciples right,
That end what you begin in hate and spite,
I judge no man but what their actions show
Brings me et force to judge of what I know,
Good Sister Mag-pye and good Brother Daw,
That leapes o're hills and tumbells at a draw
I pray be patient trouble not the State,
Your friends at Amsterdani do for you waite,
Mistake me not I speake but this to prove you,
I de rather have you stay because I love you,
Yet if you stay I de have you know what's ment,
Betwixt an Joll and an Ornament,
Which if you doe I shend be glad to heare,
That to ou Church once more you would repare,
Which though it be of Stone should not be hated,
Cause to GODS service it is consecrated,
I know not what your Barnes and Stables were,
Where Ane, bray, pray understand and heare,
I speake unfainedly I bluth to see,
Such men to wife in show such Fooles to bee,
What though the good and bad together meet;
Within the Church as well as in the Street,
Shall we refrain the Church ever the more,
Alasse alasse your Argument is poore:
How angry were the Pharisees and why,
Because our Saviour Christ kept Company
With Publicans and Sinners think on this,
And rectifie your judgements that's amiss.

You being good shall in the Chansell sit,
The wicked in the Bellfree as 'tis fit,
If they be so contented on Condition,
You'll come to Church and not run to perdition;
No Drunkard uor no Swearer shall sit neere you,
For to annoy or other wife to feare you,
Because I know you timorous are by nature,
And wonderous fearfull of a wicked Creature,
The Booke of Common Prayes refind shall bee,
Or you shall pray extempory and be free
From all occasion of a thing so common,
No not so much as looke upon a woman:
They shall sit by themselves, let this be said,
For feare your spirits on a suddaine ride,
And leade away your mindes from what is good.
Brethren we know you are but flesh and blood.

Vpon Condition you to Church will go,
I de doe the best I can to have it so,
Which if I do I hope I am your Friend,
As I desire to be, and so I end.

Finis.

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